

Preparation RvB

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Summary: Red vs Blue Just a collection of GrifSimmons and ChurchTucker drabbles to prepare for an AU schoolboys fic I've been working on. I need to get into RvB character first though . SLASH  
WARNING T

## 1. Insight

**\*\*Disclaimer: \*\***I don't own Halo or Red vs Blue. I am merely borrowing and manipulating the characters for my own sadis-I mean, personal plea-GAIN

**\*\*Word Count\*\*** 357

**\*\*AN: \*\***A series of random little drabbles to prepare myself for my AU schoolboys fic featuring Grif/Simmons and Church/Tucker

**\*\*:::Insight:::~\*\***

**::Grif/Simmons::**

"Dudeâ€¦| what if we could fly?"

Simmons cracked an eye open to stare at his boyfriend with something akin to amazement and anxiety all mixed into one.

"Grifâ€¦| are you feeling okay?" he asked, pushing himself out his reclined position on the grass and staring down at the other teen across from him. Grif cracked open a hazel eye lazily before screwing it shut again.

"Just never fuckin' mind, okay?" he muttered, obviously put off by Simmons' response. The young teen just smiled slightly and flicked a pebble at Grif's face, causing it to hit him square on the temple.

"No. You brought it up. Finish your train of thought Grif," he commanded gently, a smirk spreading over his face as Grif sighed and covered his face with his hands, obviously just minutes away from falling into a peaceful sleep.

"What if we could fly? You know, likeâ€¦ without the aid of jetpacks or planes orâ€¦ other stuff. What if we could just fly over lakes and into the wild any time we wanted? Wouldn't that be the shit?"

Simmons stared at Grif for a moment, studying his boyfriend with careful sincerity that he never really used. After a while, Grif started shifting under his gaze and cracked an eye open to glare at Simmons.

"Why the fuck are you staring at me like that? Its annoying!" he finally snapped, pushing himself up to sit cross-legged in front of the other teen.

"You're really something, you know?" Simmons asked, chuckling slightly as he leaned forward to place a chaste kiss on Grif's lips before pulling back and pushing himself to his feet, extending a hand to help the other boy up. "Come on. If I don't get home before dark Sarge'll have a cow."

"More like he'll have a fuckin' tank," Grif muttered, but took Simmons' offered hand and pulled himself to his feet, sticking his hands in his pockets and trailing after his boyfriend.

Simmons, in the meantime, was smiling to himself at how he had finally seen one of those scarce moments where Grif had a sudden insight into something other than sex and cars.

## 2. Hatred

**\*\*AN:\*\*** Just so you know, Donut and Grif aren't actually brothers â€" Donut's dad just adopted Grif and Sister when they were little after a certain family event

**\*\*Word Count:\*\***  
354

\*\*\*\*\***\*\*Hatred\*\***\*\*\*\*\*

::Grif/Simmons::

"Grif?" Donut piped up one night, watching his brother as he attempted to cut through the pizza he had 'accidentally' left in the oven so long the crust basically turned to rock. "Why does Sarge hate you so much?" he watched as Grif's knife slipped and he nicked his finger, flinching as a whine came from the back of the elder boy's throat â€" the telltale sign of an approaching rant.

"HOLYMOTHERFUCKINGSONOFABITCH!" Grif roared, dropping the knife and sticking his finger in his mouth, glaring at Donut who sheepishly sunk down in his chair. "I hate you, Donut," he informed the younger teen as he sucked on his finger, now alternating his glare between the pink clad boy in front of him and the knife on the

counter.

After a short while of Donut cowering and Grif sucking on his cut, the elder teen sighed and shook his head, a wry smile tilting his lips upwards.

"You want to know why Sarge hates me?" he asked, watching Donut out of the corner of his eye. As Donut nodded, Grif's grin grew larger and a cheerful glaze came over his eyes as he stared up at the ceiling. "I crashed my car into the side of his house," he said, nodding as his grin widened.

"No you didn't," Donut said, matter-of-factly as Grif turned and raised a brow at him. "I would have known about it, and even if I didn't, Dad would have told me."

"Dad doesn't tell you shit, Donut," Grif snorted, taking his finger out of his mouth and seeing if the bleeding had stopped. "Besides, Sarge kept it quiet cause he didn't want anyone to know what caused it. Hell, he even paid for the repairsâ€¦ even though I'm still making up the difference with all the abuse he puts me through."

"So what \_were \_you doing?" Donut asked, not really sure if he really wanted to know.

Grif turned to his brother with a large grin on his face, eyes twinkling dangerously.

"Lets just say that in the throes of passion my foot jerked and hit the gas pedal, okay?"

End  
file.